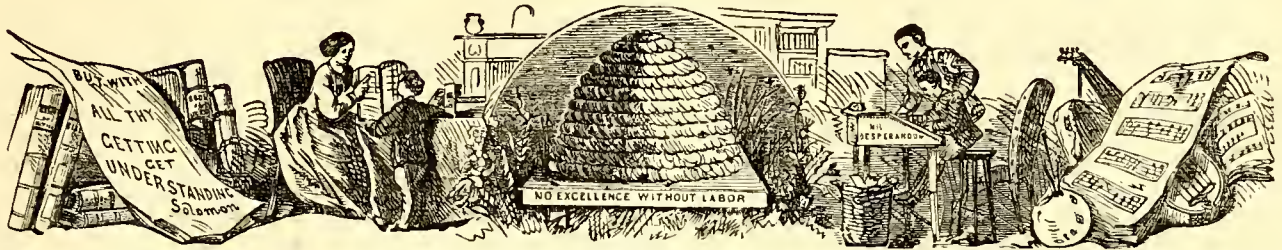


THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1874.

NO. 8.

CHINESE WORSHIPING.

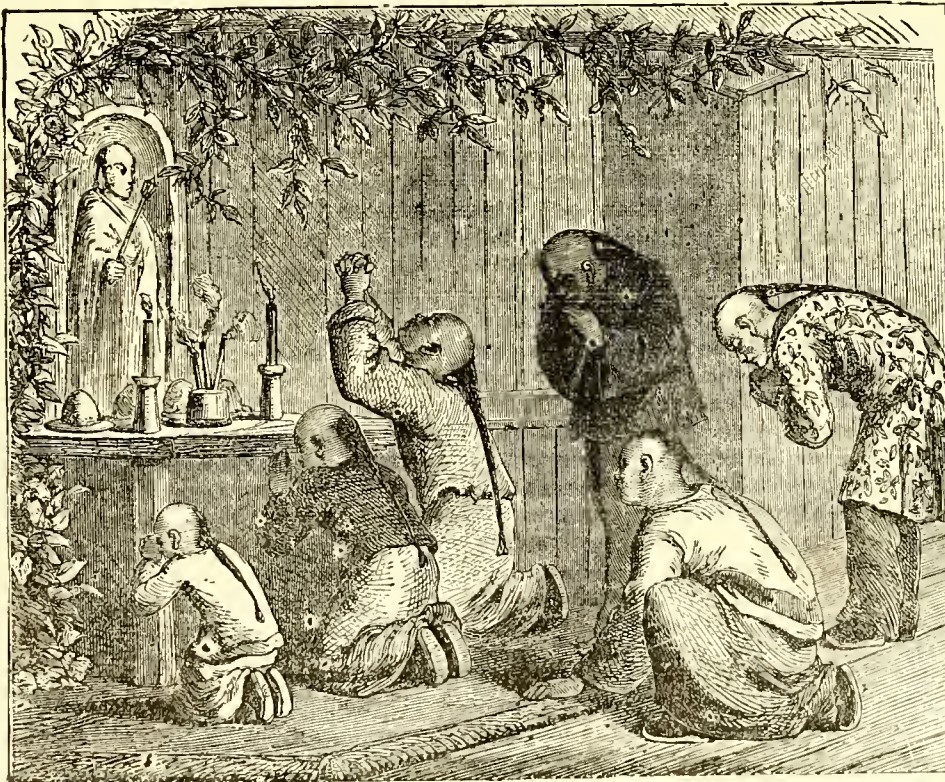
If you were to visit San Francisco, and go to the Chinese quarter where the people from China reside, you would have no trouble in finding a Chinese place of worship. You might have to go through narrow streets and up alleys to find it, in such places as you would never think of going to look for a temple; but there you would find scenes not unlike those in this engraving. Figures of almost every ugly kind; for their figures or idols are fierce, disagreeable-looking images. Such

gods as they, must be very unpleasant to think about, and would, we should think, inspire more fear than anything else. The God of Heaven, our Father, is a God of love. We are drawn towards Him by the knowledge that He is kind and merciful, full of compassion, and that He loves His children; but, judging by the figures before which the poor Chinaman worships, he must think his god a terrible being, and worship solely out of fear and to avert his anger.

A writer, speaking about the worship of the Chinese, says: "If you were to go with me into a Chinese city, I could show you a multitude of idols—temples full of idols; large and small idols in the streets; idols in the shops; idols in the dwelling-houses; in the courts; in the kitchen; in the bedrooms; in the libraries; in the halls of reception—idols everywhere—idols of

stone, and wood, and earthen-ware, and china-ware, and copper, and clay (which are by far the most common), and idols painted on paper; idols laughing; idols angry; idols weeping; idols old and idols young; idols of the rich and idols of the poor; idols for all trades and professions, and for all conditions and circumstances of life; gods of the hills, and fields, and streams, and ocean, and winds, and rain. Some worship the wide heaven; some the moon and stars; some the gods authorized by the

State. Others think these of so high rank that they fear they may not secure their attention, so appeal to a host of inferior deities—gods of stones, and trees, and wells, and men, and beasts, and birds, and ants, and worms. You would think the great business of the Chinese was to worship, the shrines of the idols take up so much room; they are so gaudy with flowers, natural and artificial, and bright col-



ors and gilt paper, with a display of fruits and burning tapers and incense. And then there are so many birthdays of the gods celebrated with shows, and theatres, and processions, including such an expenditure of money and time, that one becomes quite bewildered in thinking about it. The subject is almost beyond any proper study. The customs of the different provinces, and departments, and districts, and towns, and fami-

lies, are very different, and there is no standard of appeal—every one doing what appears right in his own eyes, or following the instructions of the fortune-tellers and priests, who profess to be initiated, but never give a reason that is intelligent.”

Missionary Sketches.

FRUIT OF DISOBEDIENCE.

BY T. E. DANIELS.

IN the winter of 1869-70, while I was on a mission to the Eastern States, the incidents which I am about to relate, occurred. They possessed a peculiar interest for me at the time, and an account of them may not be uninteresting to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, especially as it will serve to show the strong prejudice and superstitious dread with which many people regard the Latter-day Saints, or as they are commonly called, the “Mormons.”

In company with Brother Fairbanks, with whom I was traveling, I visited some of his relatives and stayed a while in the State of New Jersey. From here we took a trip into the northern part of New York State, where we remained some time and then returned to New Jersey. During our absence the incidents alluded to occurred.

Near what is called Pompton Plains, New Jersey, a family consisting of parents and three children, lived near the edge of a patch of timber land. One evening in the latter part of December, the two elder children, aged respectively nine and five years, went to a hickory tree about half a mile from the house to gather nuts, contrary to the bidding of their mother, who had charged them strictly not to go. Before the mother had time to go after them night came on, and to make matters worse, it commenced raining. She called loudly for them, but no answer was returned from the little truants. The night grew pitchy dark and the mother's anxiety increased. What was she to do? Her husband not yet returned from his work, no houses near or help at hand, and she alone with her young babe, not daring to leave it to go and search the missing ones. As she waited and looked in vain for their return, her anxiety became almost unbearable, and she started out with her child in her arms, but the rain drove her back. Soon afterwards her husband returned, and the hurried story of his children's absence needed no repeating to rouse him to action. He started immediately in search of them. He went to the hickory tree, but no children were there. He called aloud, but was answered only by the wind whistling through the trees. After satisfying himself that they were not in that vicinity, he returned home fondly hoping that the little ones had by that time reached there. But in this he was disappointed. The wind had now set in pretty strongly and the air was keen with frost.

What to do, now was the question, for it was certain the children were lost, and, being thinly clad, if they were not soon found they must certainly perish. The father ran to the nearest neighbors, a distance of half a mile, and gave the alarm. As soon as possible a company of fifteen or twenty men and boys were collected to assist in the search. But by this time it was near midnight, and no tidings had been heard of the little wanderers.

Their arrangements for searching were hurriedly made. They divided into squads and went in different directions, calling loudly as they went and searching every place where they could

imagine the children could have strayed, and thus the search was continued all night till the men were almost tired out and frozen. Morning dawned upon that desolate cottage—a cold and cheerless morning to its inmates, for no relief had yet come to the anxious parents. Another call was made upon the people to continue looking for them and they turned out and scoured the country, but in vain, for not a sign of the missing children could be found. Thus the second night passed. As the news of the loss spread through the district additional interest and anxiety were awakened, and the sympathetic neighbors turned out in force to aid the bereaved parents in seeking the lost ones. As the time passed the hope of finding them alive died out, but the efforts did not cease. About four miles from the house there were large iron works that employed about three hundred men, and on the third day these workmen turned out *en masse* and increased by their number the force engaged in the search. They organized, and examined, as they thought, every foot of land in the vicinity, but with the same discouraging result.

A number of Spiritualists resided in the neighborhood, also some “fortune-tellers;” and they were applied to, to divine, if possible, where the children were. They pretended to do so, but their stories conflicted fearfully, and all conjectures failed. It was finally suggested that they had been kidnapped. A couple of “Mormon” elders it was said had been in that vicinity and they were suspected of having spirited them away and sent them to Salt Lake. This was only one among a great many reports circulated against the Latter-day Saints, all of which gained ready credence. A reward of three hundred dollars was offered for the recovery of the children; and a great many, stimulated by the desire to gain the reward, spent days in searching them.

Thus matters went on for about three weeks, towards the last the search being prosecuted at intervals only; when one Sunday two or three neighbors decided on going over the ground once more, with a faint hope of finding them. About three quarters of a mile from the house they noticed a number of crows flying around in the air and hopping upon the tree tops, a short distance from them. Though they paid little attention to the crows at first, as they approached them their attention was attracted by the peculiar actions of the birds, indicating that there was some unusual attraction for them in the vicinity. Near by was a high ledge of rocks, under which they saw some of the crows fly. They made their way under this ledge to where the crows seemed to be busy, when to their horror, they discovered the remains of the missing little ones, but so disfigured as hardly to be recognizable. They had wandered there to find shelter, and there perished. The elder of the two had manifested a noble disposition in the hour of their extremity for it appeared that he had taken off his little coat and tenderly covered it over his little sister to protect her from the cold. Much of their flesh had been eaten off by the crows when found, but their remains were carefully taken to their sorrowful, heart-broken parents.

The next day there was a funeral at the Methodist church near by, attended by old and young of the entire neighborhood, assembled to see conveyed to the last resting place the bodies of the children whose loss they all felt so keenly. No language can describe the feeling of those bereaved parents. Their sorrow was too deep for words to express.

We visited the place a short time afterwards, saw the cliff under which the children died, and learned how their final recovery had relieved us of the imputation of having kidnapped them.

There is a lesson which every child who reads the INSTRUCTOR may learn from this sad narrative: the necessity of obedience to parents. In obedience only is there safety. Though those grief-stricken parents forgave in their hearts the little act of disobedience which robbed them of their loved ones, it was none the less true that had they been obedient as they ought to their mother they would not thus have met their fate.

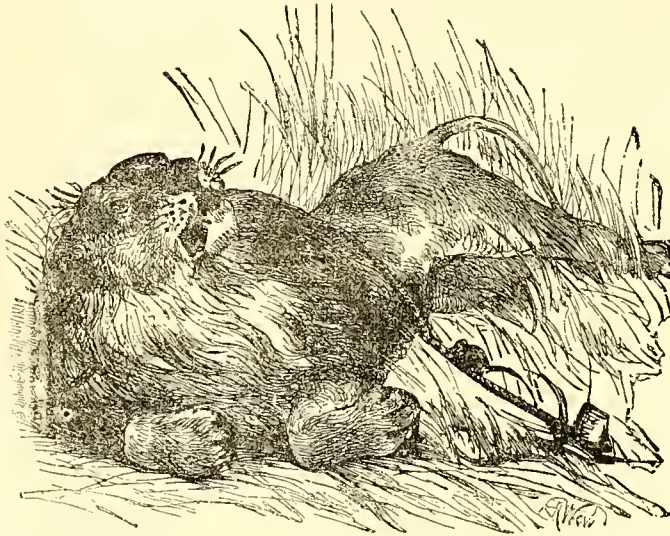
THE LION AND MOUSE.

A LESSON is conveyed in the the following fable, which our young readers will do well to remember:

A lion had lain down to sleep in the forest, and some mice running over him broke his rest. Starting up, and getting one of them under his paw, he was about to crush it to death, when the mouse asked for pardon in very moving terms. It begged him not to stain his good name with the blood of so humble a creature as itself; and the lion, after a moment's thought, had pity on the little trembling thing, and let it go unharmed.

Afterwards the lion, when chasing his prey, chanced to be caught in the snares spread for him by hunters: and unable to free himself, he made the valley ring with his cries of rage. His greatest efforts were in vain; for the snares were fastened to posts beyond his reach. Suddenly he beheld upon one of these a little mouse, who bade him fear nothing. This was no other than his former captive, who had no sooner heard his voice of distress than he had hastened to the spot. The mouse was now able to give his friend the very help he needed. Gnawing the cords of the snare with his sharp little teeth, he soon set the lion at liberty, and received from him afterwards many proofs of his thankfulness.

The time may come when everything turns upon the help of the smallest friend; hence a kind action may bring its reward when least looked for.



DYING WORDS.

"Kiss me, Hardy—I thank God I have done my duty."—Lord Nelson.

"Head of the Army."—Napoleon.

"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.

"It is well."—Washington.

"I must sleep now."—Lord Byron.

"I feel as if I were going to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.

"Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."—Robert Burns.

"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—Alfieri.

"Let the light enter."—Goethe.

"Into thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso.

"What! is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.

"It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.

"I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." (Ascending the scaffold.)—Sir Thomas More.

"I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying."—Chancellor Thurlow.

"Give Dayroles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.

"Independence forever."—Adams.

"I have loved God, my father, and liberty."—Madame de Stael.

"Be serious."—Grotious.

"I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."—Jefferson.

"It is the last of earth."—John Quincy Adams.

"I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask nothing more."—Harrison.

"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor.

"A dying man can do nothing easy."—Franklin.

"Let me die to the sound of delicious music."—Mirabeau.

"Let not poor Nelly starve."—Charles II.

"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.

"It is small, very small indeed." (Clasping her neck.)—Anne Boleyn.

"There is not a drop of blood on my hands."—Frederick T., of Denmark.

"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.

"You spoke of refreshments, my Emilie; take my last notes, sit down to my piano here, sing them with the hymn of your sainted mother; let me hear once more those notes which have been so long my solacement and delight."—Mozart.

"God preserve the emperor."—Haydn.

"The artery ceases to beat."—Haller.

THE LITTLE SMOKER.—"I once knew a little boy of great energy, and as full of fun as an egg is of meat, who, brave as a lion when his physical courage is taxed, sometimes fails when he is bantered to do wrong. He is called Jimmy. He has been taught never to use tobacco, but the other day some larger boys tried to bribe him to smoke by offers of candy, but he resisted till one ventured to call him a coward, and said: 'I know what is the matter; Jimmy is afraid to smoke.' Full of impulse, and not wishing to be considered a coward, he smoked two pipes of tobacco. You never saw a sicker fellow in your life. He tried to keep it concealed from his mother, but she detected the difficulty, and it was not a little funny to hear him say, as he cried with sickness, 'I wouldn't smoke again for all the candy in town.'

"Be sure your sin will find you out. Boys and girls, nothing is more sure than this. Sometimes it finds you early, sometimes late, but it will find you out. Wrong-doing leaves its traces on the soul, which finds expression in the eyes, features and manners, just as sure as anything in the world. True courage is never to do wrong, but always to do right."

A Boy's Voyage Around the World.

BY G. M. O.

A TRAMP ACROSS THE ISTHMUS.

By arranging with our host, we procured a boat, and started early in the morning to visit the ruins of the old city, a little over four miles to the eastward, by water, from Panama. The bay was very calm and smooth, and, as we were used to the oars, it did not take us long to reach the mouth of the little stream that at one time ran through the ancient city. The beach was lined with large masses of volcanic and conglomerate rock, and the banks of the little creek were hedged with a dense and impenetrable growth of vines and trees. We had some difficulty in securing our boat, and when secured, our host, a good-natured Irishman, who had visited the place before and acted as guide, had some difficulty in finding the path or opening in the thickly interlaced bushes. We scrambled and pushed our way through, scratching our flesh and tearing our clothes, for quite a distance, when we entered a clear space. This was the plaza of the city. We rambled around through the bushes for an hour over the site of the old town, but, although there were numerous foundations, arches and walls, and other traces of buildings to be seen, they were in so ruinous a condition and so covered with the forest growth, we could form no idea of their proportions or use. One old square tower alone reared its head above the tall palms. This was called the tower of San Jerome, and was erected about the year 1665, as a watch tower. We worked our way back to the boat and partook of a lunch that our guide had provided, and then spent the rest of the day fishing, in which occupation, by the way, we were not very successful. As night set in we pulled our boat towards Panama, leaving the moon shining on the old watch tower that stood like a tall sentinel guarding the ruined walls that lay silent and forsaken in the shadow of the dark forest.

After a week's sojourn, Hank and I packed up our traps in a couple of clothes bags, preparatory to taking our tramp across the Isthmus of Darien. With hearts as light and as thoughtless as usual with seamen, we bade farewell to our shipmates, who, by the way, smiled as they shook hands and predicted that we would return in a few days.

We shouldered our bags containing our scanty wardrobe, all we possessed, on a bright morning, and "headed for the Gulf of Mexico." We passed out of the north-western gate, over the moat, now filled with rubbish, into the suburbs called Santa Ana, a little village as ruined and tumbled-down in appearance as its neighbor. Ancon loomed up on our left, and a few miles before us, also on our left, rose the "Cerro de los Bucaneros" (Hill of the Buccaneers.) It was from this hill that Morgan first obtained a sight of the old city. The road was paved for a few miles out of the city; it was the same that at one time connected Panama with Porto Bello. The day was fine and nature seemed decked in all her glory, as she can array herself only in tropical latitudes. Trees, flowers, vines and tall grass, waved and swung by the breeze, sent out delicious odors; and tall palms waved their fan-like arms. Giant cedros, covered with many-colored vines, knotted, twisted and plaited around their trunks, from root to top, shaded the road. Slender bamboos pointed into the air, and mangrove bushes, bananas, espales, and a thousand other plants and trees, all intermingled with varied and gorgeously-tinted flowers and leaves, lined our

pathway. Red-breasted tucans, green-winged parrots and black and golden turpiales flew and fluttered in and out among the trailing vines and interlacing branches. Gay lizards, sparkling like pearls and diamonds, darted over the road and up the tree trunks. Indeed nature seemed to riot in prodigality of beautiful animal and vegetable life.

We followed the old paved road for two or three miles, and then found ourselves on the trail used by the overland travelers. Six miles from Panama we found the road forked, we enquired of a native which road we should take, and he pointed to the right hand one, leading to Cruses. This we found out afterwards to be the wrong one; we should have taken the left hand road to Gorgona. We followed the Cruses road, if road it could be called, wading up and down streams, struggling through bushes until sunset, when we found ourselves at the "Eight Mile House" (eight miles from Cruses), kept by an enterprising Yankee, who, with a one-roomed shanty and a tent, not forgetting the bar, considered himself a hotel keeper. Here we concluded to rest for the night, getting a supper—hard bread and fried bananas, a bed—the softest place we could find on the ground floor, and breakfast—same as supper with the addition of a cup of coffee, for which we paid the moderate sum of five dollars, and started on our second day's journey.

About one mile from Cruses we saw a large anchor and an old Spanish six-pound cannon lying in the mud. The gun was beautifully ornamented in relief, and I thought it a shame that it was left to corrode and rust in the dirt. When we arrived in the miserable little apology for a town, we found it almost deserted. We now discovered our mistake in taking the wrong road. All the travel was by the way of Gorgona, ten miles down the river. Our good fortune, however, had not forsaken us. We found a boat preparing to go down the river—the Chagres—and the proprietor agreed to take us to Gorgona for two dollars. We started on the voyage almost as soon as we got on board; in fact, we stopped so short a time in Cruses, I did not see half a dozen of its inhabitants, not even long enough to count the bamboo houses, which could have been done in five minutes.

Our craft was a long log, hollowed out and sharpened at the ends. Besides the captain, and crew of two men, we had a priest and two ladies, as passengers. The voyage down the river was one beautiful view after another, and we enjoyed it immensely. We arrived at Gorgona about five o'clock p. m., and commenced looking around for a boat bound down to Chagres City. In this we were disappointed; true, we found boats enough, but none of them would be moved for less than twenty dollars. This was more money than we possessed between us; we had sixteen dollars. To pay twenty dollars for a boat, buy provisions for three or four days and pay for our night's lodging was impossible. So, sailor-like, we bought some crackers, cheese and a box of sardines, and sat down on the steps of a restaurant, firstly to satisfy our hunger; secondly, to consider over the perplexing situation we were in, and to decide what was the best to do under the circumstances. To go on down the river was impossible, to go back to Cruses would be foolishness; therefore we resolved to go to California. Everybody was going to that golden land, why not we? The town of Gorgona was on the road there, in fact, almost half way; then why not go to California? So we reasoned, and, no other thought or plan coming in the way, we resolved to start at once. We had at least an hour's daylight and a moonlight night before us. Panama was the nearest seaport. By a good long walk that night we could be in that city by sunset the

next evening. Making a slight addition to our provisions, we shouldered our sacks once more and started on our tramp back to Panama; but not to make the good long stretch towards that city we expected. A mile or two out of Gorgona we got on the wrong road (it seems we were doomed to get on wrong roads). We did not discover our mistake until we had traveled six or eight miles, and found ourselves in a grove of orange trees and at the termination of the mule track. Here we were, lost again; not on a desert, however, this time, but in a forest surrounded with plenty. The ground and the trees were literally golden, covered with the profusion of yellow oranges. We judged that there must be a house or village near by, and our conjecture proved correct. At the end of the grove we discovered a house, or what we might call a house. It was formed by four poles being stuck in the ground, over which was a covering or roof of flag leaves. A man, a woman, a boy ten years old and an infant were the inhabitants. The man and boy wore no clothing except a cloth around the loins. We enquired of the man the distance to Panama. He informed us that the city was in an opposite direction to the one in which we were going, in fact we were on the road to Granadilla. We finally made an arrangement with the native to lodge us for the night and guide us to the right road the next morning. We paid him twenty cents, stretched ourselves on some bamboo poles underneath the thatch and soon forgot our troubles in sleep. We were up bright and early in the morning, and after partaking of a breakfast of oranges, accompanied our guide for the road. Through bushes and among vines and flowers, in a forest so dense that the light of day was almost shut out, wading creeks, crossing rocky streams, up hill and down dale, he led us. It was an awfully fatiguing journey of over five hours before we reached the trail. I paid the guide two dollars, and after pointing out the direction we were to go, he left us. We sat down by a little rivulet and regaled ourselves with part of the crackers and cheese that we purchased before leaving Gorgona. Judging by the sun, it was past noon. We continued our journey, though rather slowly, after dinner. About sunset we espied a deserted hut near the road side, and concluded to take up our quarters under its shelter for the night. By agreement, Hank was to sleep the forepart of the night, and I keep guard; so I took up a sitting position in the doorway, and Hank retired to the softest corner of the floor he could find. When we awoke late the next morning, we could not determine who went to sleep first. Our crackers afforded us a scanty breakfast, when we resumed our tramp, reaching the city about three o'clock in the afternoon. Of course, we took up our quarters at the wash-woman's, and laughed with our prophetic shipmates as we related our adventures and mishaps.

Hank and I remained in Panama two weeks, until all our money was spent. Not finding anything to do, we crossed over to Taboga, a friend kindly giving us a passage in his lighter. In Taboga we remained three months, picking up what jobs we could: loading and unloading vessels, coaling steamers and ship rigging. Hank finally succeeded in getting charge of a small boat, and I obtained a situation as ship-keeper on the bulk *Rowena*. It was only occasionally we had an opportunity of seeing each other; this we both regretted, but could not avoid. As it was impossible for the steamers to carry all the passengers to California, whose numbers increased daily in Panama, the steamship company commenced fitting up the old hulks or store ships lying in the bay for that purpose. Among the others fitted out was the *Rowena*, formerly of New London, at one time a whale ship. Her masts and rigging were set up,

yards crossed, sails bent and bunks built between decks; and the ship placed in charge of Captain L——, a gentleman hailing from New York. I had charge of his boat, pulling to and from the ship a great deal, and he seemed prepossessed in my favor, and told me he would like me to go with him to California.

HELP YOUR MOTHER.

"Is there a vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy as, with glowing cheek, he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you could obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straight-forwardness in the manner, and honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said half musingly:

"My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then recollecting himself, he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already," said his interrogator.

"I have not left it," answered the boy.

"But you wish to leave. What is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied, with half reluctant frankness:

"I must do more for my mother!"

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said:

"My boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied: "My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong, and I wish to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you." So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into the busy world he had so tremblingly entered. A boy animated by a desire to help his mother will always find friends. — (Selected.)

DEPEND ON YOURSELF.—Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be born poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves, at their outset in life, in a good and profitable business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to them, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is, really, a blessing; the chance is more than ten to one against him who is left with a fortune at his disposal.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1874.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

SINCE the last number of the INSTRUCTOR issued from the press, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has entered another year of its eventful history. We do not think there can be a better time than the present to impress upon the minds of our youthful readers the importance of becoming acquainted with the history of the great work of the Lord with which they and their parents are associated.

The youth of every nation of the earth are early taught the story of their country's rise and glory. They read of its victories won on "flood and field," and its achievements in the path of human progress and civilization. Our history is not a record of conquests made by human prowess at the point of the sword and spear; the annals of our checkered but ever advancing career are not written in the blood of our fellow men, but ours is a story of higher worth; it is one of a work established by divine mercy and preserved by divine providence. It is the history of the last grand struggle on earth between truth and error, of the warfare of a few heaven-inspired men with the hosts of darkness and destruction.

It is a duty of every youth in Zion to become acquainted with the history of the building up of God's kingdom. From its study they will learn many lessons and principles of worth to them in their after lives. Among other things they will discover how fruitless are the rage and persecution of men to stay the work of the Lord. They will learn how continually our Heavenly Father has preserved and delivered His Saints in times and on occasions when all human help was powerless, how He has made the wrath of man to praise Him, and has controlled all things for the good of those who have sought to serve Him. They will also learn the sad fact that no experience will apparently teach the utter foolishness of fighting against the work of Jehovah, for they will discover that, from the very commencement of this Church's history, persecution has succeeded persecution, driving has been added to driving, with undiminished hatred; that time after time the blood of the best men earth bore upon her surface has been spilled as a testimony of the Truth, and though nothing has been accomplished towards staying the progress of God's work, yet men to-day fight as persistently, as blindly and as fruitlessly as they did forty years ago.

The perusal of our history will also inspire us with love towards and faith in the great Father of us all. We cannot read of the numberless deliverances He has wrought out for His Saints in these days without being filled with thankfulness that we are serving the true and living God whose constant care are we, and our hearts throb with gratitude as we contemplate in the story of the past how assured is the continued advancement and final triumph of His great cause, however much the heathen rage and the wicked imagine vain things.

Our Museum.

ROMAN COINAGE.

BY BETH.

THE ancient Roman coins afford much entertainment to the poetical imagination, as well as insight into the habits, customs and institutions of the Roman people, by the personifications and symbols on the "reverses." As there are many coins brought into this country from other lands, among which are many very old, and some really valuable ones, a few of the personifications used in early times, some of which are also used on modern coins, will be given.

"Happiness has the wand of mercury"—the caduceus. By which is typified the power to procure every wish. This is the prototype of the modern harlequin, who strikes with his magic wand, and instantly the desired transformation is accomplished. Sometimes the figure or image of the goddess has a poppy or poppies, in her hand. This typifies forgetfulness of sorrow, as the juice of poppies stupefies and steepens the senses in forgetfulness of misfortune.

"Hope is represented as a sprightly girl walking quickly and cheerfully; she holds up in her hand the bud of a flower." This is typical of the certainty with which we may expect the realization of our hopes, even as the bud brings forth the flower. She holds up her garments so that they may not impede her progress. Sometimes SPES AVG. occurs as a legend, spes being the name of the goddess of hope.

"Abundance holds the cornucopia in her hands, from which she scatters fruits." On one of the coins of the emperor Titus this emblem is seen; but she has a little image beside her, with scales and weights over a basket filled with wheat. This tiny figure represents justice dispensing food, not extravagantly, but righteously. The prow of a ship is represented to show that the wheat came from a foreign land; it is decked with flowers to show prosperity and peace. Many such symbols are used by artists in our days to convey similar ideas.

"Security stands leaning on a pillar." "Security with consciousness of strength is shown by the lion in a recumbent posture." "The happiness of the state is indicated by a ship sailing before a prosperous breeze"—a very pretty, and easily understood picture.

One colonial coin represents the conquest of Egypt; Augustus and Agrippa on the obverse, with IMP. AVG. DIVI F. On the reverse is a crocodile chained to a palm tree. This is very significant of conquest and victory, for the crocodile is a native of Egypt; so is the palm tree native and symbolic of victory.

Other Roman colonies besides Egypt had their personifications. Some of the earliest Roman-British coins represent the future of the Island of Great Britain almost prophetically. Britannia is represented sitting on a globe, with a symbol of military power, the labarum, or standard, in her hand, and the ocean rolling at her feet. A reverse of the emperor Adrian represents Britannia sitting behind a shield, against which the waves are beating—a very significant emblem of protection and safety. A reverse of Severus has Britannia sitting upon a rock, with the shield before her, a helmet on her head, a spear in her left hand, and the wand of mercury (happiness) in her right. One of Antoninus Pius represents a bull upon the shield of Britannia—a symbol of strength and security.

As a general thing the ancient Roman coins have Roman letters on them; any such should be preserved until seen by

some one conversant with coins; for, even a few coins are interesting and instructive in a cabinet. Some old coins have Greek characters on them; these can be deciphered by those acquainted with coins. M. L. MON. LON. mean Monetis Londinensis, or coins of London, struck by the Romans. PEC. P. Lon.—Pecunia Londinensis—has the same meaning. R., RO. and ROM. are abbreviations for Rome. ROMA means Rome.. P. R. means Pecunia Romana, or Roman Money. In the exergue P. R. signifies Percussa Roma, or struck at Rome. At any rate ancient coins should be preserved, as they are seldom of intrinsic value, unless of gold or silver. They should not be cleaned until examined by some competent person, as they may be of use in cabinets when not defaced. There are many cabinets of coins in this city in which are rare and curious specimens, which will be noticed in "Our Museum."

THE WATER-BEETLE.

THE word beetle means biter, and beetles have very strong jaws with which they bite their food. They have four wings, but the upper ones are hard and hornlike, while the under ones are thin, and when these insects are not flying, the thin under wings are hidden under the hard upper ones. The colors of beetles are often very beautiful, and sometimes so brilliant that they shine like polished gold and precious stones.

There are many thousand kinds of these insects. We give a picture of one, which is called the water-beetle. It is represented in its different stages of growth. The large central figure is a full-grown beetle. She lays her eggs and then encloses them in a silken gourd-shaped sack. On the left is one of these, with one side cut off, showing the eggs. In four or six weeks the eggs are hatched, and the insect looks like the little figure on the rock near the head of the lower figure. After a while it looks like the lower figure, and in forty days it breaks this shell, and comes forth a full-grown beetle. It is a good swimmer, and seldom gets far from the water.

A curious and very interesting member of the beetle family is the one called the burying-beetle. "He dresses," says an English writer, "in black, with only a few yellow horns, and a yellow belt around his wings. You would laugh to see him at work.

"A gentleman once caught four of these beetles and put them in a great glass globe, half filled with earth. He then threw in two dead frogs. In a short time one of the frogs was buried.

Then they climbed around the walls of the vase, to try to get out, but finding no outlet, for the gentleman covered over the top, they set to work burying the other frog.

"He then gave them a dead linnet. Two of the grave-diggers at once set to work digging away the earth from under the bird's body, and dragging it by the feathers, so as to make it go down quicker. By the next morning the

linnet was nearly two inches in the earth, and the following day quite gone out of sight.

"The gentleman, much interested in the hard-working habits of the little creatures, kept giving them small dead animals, which they buried one after another. In little more than a month, these four beetles dug the graves of four frogs, three birds, two fish, two grasshoppers, a mole and two slices of meat.

"Work, you see, does not belong to us alone. Every creature which our Heavenly Father has made, be it ever so small, has a place to fill, a service to render, a duty to do, in this great world of ours; and it is curious to look about us and see how eagerly active His tiniest people are in doing theirs."

THE SIZE OF COUNTRIES.

GREECE is about the size of Vermont. Palestine is one-fourth the size of New York.

Hindustan is more than a hundred times as large as Palestine. The English Channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior, and Lake Huron is as large as the Sea of Azof.

The Great Desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States.

The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

Great Britain is two-thirds the size of Japan, one-twelfth the size of Hindostan, one-twentieth of China, one-twenty-fifth of the United States.

Madagascar is as large as New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, New Jersey, Virginia and North Carolina, all put together.

Great Britain and Ireland are about as large as New Mexico, but not as large as Iowa and Nebraska. They are less than

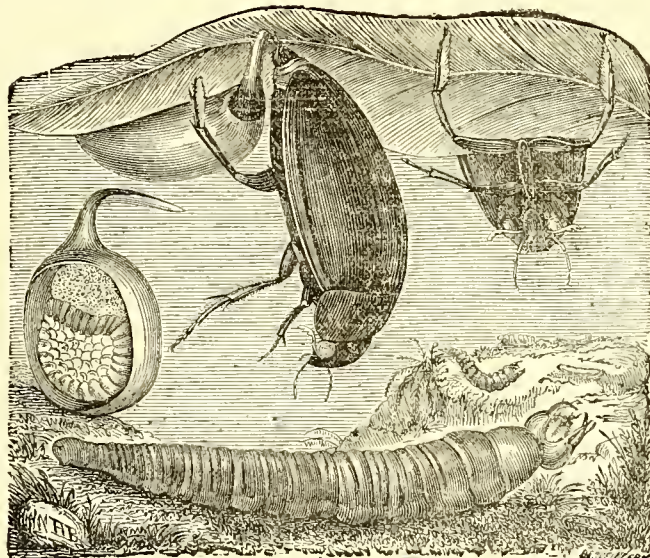
Iowa, Pennsylvania and Ohio, combined.]

The following bodies of water are nearly equal in size: German Ocean, Black Sea, Yellow Sea; Hudson's Bay is rather larger; the Baltic, Adriatic, Persian Gulf and Aegean Sea, about half as large, and somewhat larger than Lake Superior.

The Gulf of Mexico is about ten times the size of Lake Superior, and about as large as the Sea of Kamtschatka, Bay of Bengal, China Sea, Okhotsk Sea or Japan Sea. Lake Ontario would go in either of them fifty times.

EDUCATION should give us command of every faculty of body and mind, call out all our powers of observation and reflection and change the creatures of impulse, prejudice and passion, to thinking, reasoning, and loving beings; lead to objects of pursuits, and habits of conduct, favorable to the happiness of every individual, and to the whole world, and multiply all the means of enjoyment, and diminish every temptation to vice and sensuality; and true education will do all this.

THERE never was a road so long it had no end. Let this thought comfort you in hardest trials.



Anecdotes of Painters.

ALBERT DURER.

From Chambers' Miscellany.

THIS great man was the first, and probably the best of German artists. His family originally came from Hungary; they settled in Nuremberg, where Albert's father followed the business of a goldsmith. The boy was born in 1471, in the merry month of May, and in due time received the usual simple education of a burgher's son. Albert learned readily all that was taught him, and from his childhood was accounted a very clever boy. However, in those early times, it took far less learning to gain a reputation for ability than in our days. Martin Haspe was the name of Albert Durer's first master, under whose care he studied a little of drawing and engraving, so as to qualify him for success in his father's trade.

When his slight education was completed, Albert began to work in gold, under his father's direction. But this occupation was little suited to one whose mind was already full of art. Albert soon became weary of his trade, and longed to be a painter. So, after some weary struggles between the goldsmith of Nuremberg and his refractory son, to whom the precious metals had no charm, it was at last agreed that young Albert should be placed as a pupil with Michael Wohlgemuth, an artist and engraver, though of inferior merit. With this man it was impossible for the youth to learn much; but his talents received a right direction, while at the same time he was instructed in other needful branches of study, such as arithmetic, geometry and perspective.

In Germany then, as now, it was the custom for young men of every profession to complete their studies by traveling, that they might learn from actual experience and by seeing the world, before settling down into the active life of manhood. Accordingly, Albert Durer, having remained three years with Michael Wohlgemuth, set out on his travels. He went from town to town, painting for his livelihood whenever he could get sitters for portraits, and could find purchasers for the fancy pictures which he executed on his way. The young artist must have been happy in this course of life, for it was considered no discredit, but the contrary, and a wandering student found everywhere a welcome. Also, it must have been pleasant to stroll leisurely through his own and foreign lands, everywhere gathering up information from nature herself.

Albert returned home when he was about twenty-six years old, and then it was that he exhibited his pictures for the first time in public. The one which is mentioned as his first work of any moment is "The Three Graces," depicting three graceful female figures, having a globe over their heads. This picture bears the date 1479. Thus Albert Durer's talents were by no means precocious, but matured by long study and observation. It was then customary for students of all professions to produce a master piece, each in his own line, for which they received a public reward, and also a diploma acknowledging their excellence, if successful. Albert Durer, accordingly, painted a picture with the greatest care; it was highly praised, and the artist gained the wished-for diploma with more than usual honors.

After this triumph, Albert again set out to travel. He visited Holland, stayed some time there, and then proceeded to Italy. At Bologna he met Raffaele, for whom he had always the greatest admiration. They had already corres-

ponded and exchanged pictures. A pleasant meeting it must have been between these two great men, whose genius formed such a strong contrast. Durer at this time was renowned as an engraver on copper and on wood. He was probably the first wood-engraver on record. It is said that, in executing his numerous designs, he found working on copper too tedious a process, and therefore conceived the plan of engraving on wood. He designed and engraved on wood thirty-six illustrations of the life of Christ, which were so beautiful and so much esteemed that forgers arose to imitate them. One Marc Antonio Franci, a Venetian, copied them, and sold his own spurious productions as the originals of Albert Durer. The German artist, hearing of this, immediately set off to Venice, complained to the government of the injury done him by Franci, and claimed redress. A lawsuit was commenced, by which the dishonest Franci was reduced to beggary. He came to Albert Durer, praying him to forgive the wrong, and excuse him from paying a fine which it was out of his power to raise. The generous artist not only pardoned, but assisted him, and Franci erred no more.

Albert Durer had a miserable home. To please his father, he had married a neighbor's daughter, whose violent temper ruined her husband's peace. She was a beautiful woman, and Albert painted her several times, particularly in his Madonnas. Her violence drove him from his own fireside, to seek elsewhere for the happiness which was there denied him. As we have seen, he traveled a great deal; when at home, it has been laid to his charge that he was prone to intemperance, and to nightly carousals with his companions. If so, it is sad to think that so fine a mind as Albert Durer's should be thus degraded; but, thinking of his domestic sorrows, he deserves our pity as much as our condemnation. He lived in a frugal manner at home, so that many considered him poor. He studied much; and several works of his, written in Latin, were published at Nuremberg after his death. They were chiefly on subjects connected with art.

Durer was ever in high favor with the great of his time. He found friends and patrons in the Emperor Maximilian, Charles V. of Spain, and Ferdinand of Hungary. Maximilian gave him a patent of nobility, but there is no account of his ever assuming his rank. Plain Albert Durer, the goldsmith's son, of Nuremberg, is known to posterity as a great artist; no one ever thinks whether he bore a title or not. The emperor also gave him a pension, and loaded him with honors. Thus in everything, except his cheerless home and unhappy domestic life, Albert Durer was happy. His paintings are not very numerous; his chief talent lay in design, in which the fertility of his pencil was inconceivable. The noble simplicity and grandeur of Albert Durer's "Apostles" have passed into a proverb.

Excepting the love for excess, which it is to be hoped is exaggerated by his contemporaries, Albert Durer was in private life a good man. He was a strict Protestant, honest and candid in his worldly dealings, and irreproachable in his principles. He died at Nuremberg, April 6, 1528.

SPINSTER.—It used to be considered that a young lady was not eligible to marry until she had spun for herself a "set of linen." From this arose the title of spinster, as applied to unmarried women (of an uncertain age). But the appellation is applied to a great many in the present age rather inappropriately, as spinning, as an accomplishment for a young lady, is, like many other accomplishments that our grandparents prized, now numbered among the things of the past.

PUTTING OFF THE SHOES.

THE word translated "shoe" in Scripture should have been rendered sandal, as the former does not exactly correspond with the Hebrew. In Eastern nations, the feet were at first shod chiefly with mere soles, made fast by thongs or cords wreathed round the ankle. The next stage was a sandal, covering some portion of the foot; and even now the Orientals have not advanced further than a kind of slipper, often highly ornamented with brilliant colors and tasteful figures. Among Egyptian ladies the sandal formed a sumptuous part of dress, and was often embroidered with silk, silver, and gold.

The well-known Eastern practice of putting off the sandal or shoe on ground deemed holy, or in a presence deemed sacred, is familiar to us from many a scriptural reference. In Exodus iii. 5, Moses is commanded to put off his sandals in the presence of the burning bush; for it was the symbol of Jehovah's



presence. In the same way Joshua (v. 15) was commanded to "loose his shoe from off his foot, for the place whereon he stood was holy;" and the practice, it is well known, still prevails in the East. In some cases the sandals must be left at the door even when the wearer is visiting a private individual. That is always the case when entering a mosque or temple, or when about to appear in an august presence; and it has been said that at the entrance to an Indian temple as many pairs of sandals may sometimes be seen as there are hats suspended in some Western churches. The same is true of the temples in Japan.

This practice explains some scriptural allusions, to which reference may be made. In Mark i. 7, Luke iii. 16, John i. 27, and Acts xiii. 25, we read of unloosing the shoe-latchet.

That means, loosening the thongs which bound the sandal to the foot; and as that office was performed by servants or inferiors, to "unloose the latchet" meant to act as a servant.

Again in Matthew iii. 11, the Baptist speaks of "bearing" sandals, and declares himself unworthy to bear the Savior's; that is, to be His servant; for servants sometimes stood at the door, and bore the sandals while their masters worshiped.

Connected with shoes, or sandals, one other custom may be mentioned. In transferring property from one party to another, a sandal was given to the new occupant, and that gave right of occupancy; and in the Book of Ruth (iv. 7) we accordingly read: "A man plucked off his shoe, and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel." Again, in Ps. lx. 8, it is written: "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe"—meaning, I will take possession of it; and so in other cases. As the Bible is an Eastern book, it is full of Eastern manners and customs.

A GOOD STRATAGEM.

A TALE OF ENGLISH MAIL COACH DAYS.

AN English gentleman of true John Bull proportions—weighing some eighteen or twenty stone—had occasion to travel in summer by stage-coach from Oxford to London. The stage carried six inside, and our hero engaged two places (as, in consideration of his size, he usually did) for himself. The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

These youths, being lighter than our modern Lambert, reached the stage before he did, and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a centre seat on each side vacant. The round, good-tempered face of John Bull soon after appeared at the carriage door; and, peering into the vehicle and observing the local arrangements, its owner said, with a smile, "You see I am of a pretty comfortable size, gentlemen; so I have taken two seats. It will greatly oblige me if one of you will kindly move into the opposite seat, so that I may be able to enter."

"My good sir," said a pert young law student, "possession is nine-tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There they are. We engaged one each, came first, entered regularly into possession, and our titles to the seats we occupy are indisputable."

"I do not dispute your titles," said the other, "but I trust to your politeness, seeing how the case stands, to enable me to pursue my journey."

"Oh, hang politeness!" said a hopeful young scion of some noble house. "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother; its ungraceful as well as uncomfortable; and, besides, one has no chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road. Good old gentleman, arrange your concerns as you please; I stick to my corner." And he leaned back, yawned, and settled himself with hopeless composure in his place.

Our corpulent friend, though a man not easily discomposed, was somewhat put out by his unmannerly obstinacy. He turned to a smart-looking youth with a simper on his face,—a clerical student who had hitherto sat in a reverie, possibly thinking of his chances for a rich benefice in the future. "Will you accommodate me?" he "asked; this is the last stage that starts for London to-day, and business of urgent importance calls me to town."

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the gracious youth with mock gravity; "some speculation with filthy lucre for its object. Good father, at your age your thoughts should turn

heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that chains us to earth." And his companions roared with laughter at the "clever joke."

A glow of indignation just colored the stranger's cheek, but he mastered his feelings in a moment, and said with much composure to the fourth: "Are you also determined that I should lose my place; or will you oblige me by taking a centre seat?"

"Ay do Tom," said his lordship to the person addressed: "he's something in the way of your profession, quite a physiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"May I be poisoned if I do!" replied the student of medicine, "in a dissecting room he'd make an excellent subject; but in a coach, and this warm weather, too! Old gentleman, if you'll put yourself under my care, I'll engage in the course of six weeks, by a judicious course of depletives, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat; but, really, to take a middle seat in the month of July is contrary to all the rules of hygiene; and a practice to which I have a professional objection."

And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense.

By this time the patience of the coachee, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted. "Harkye gemmen," said he, "settle the business as you like; but it wants just three-quarters of a minute to twelve, and with the first stroke of the university clock my horses must be off. I would not wait three seconds longer for the King, God bless him. 'Twould be as much as my place is worth." And with that he mounted his box, took up the reins, bid the hostler shut the door, and he sat with up-raised whip, listening for the expected stroke.

As it sounded from the venerable belfry, the horses, as if they recognized the signal, shot off at a gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own rudeness and our fat friend's dilemma afforded a prolific theme for merriment during the whole stage.

Meanwhile the subject of their mirth hired a postchaise, followed, and overtook them at the second change of horses, where the passengers got out ten minutes for lunch. As the postchaise drove up to the inn door, two young chimney-sweeps passed with their bags and brooms with their well known cry.

"Come higher, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman, "what say you to a ride?"

The whites of their eyes enlarged into still more striking contrast with the dark shades of their sooty cheeks. "Will you have a ride, my boys, in the stage coach?"

"Ees, zur," said the elder, scarcely daring to trust the evidence of his ears.

(To be Continued.)

WHY MOUNTAIN TOPS ARE COLD.

THERE is a story of a squirrel, which, discontented with the cold valley where he had his home, set out to reach a mountain top, where, thought he, the climate must be warm and genial, since the spot is so much nearer the sun, the great source of heat; but, on reaching the long wished for height, he found, that although the sun shone with clearer light, yet the cold air was more intense than in the humble home he had left behind. He was well-nigh frozen to death, and quickly and wisely resolved to return to the valley below.

The process of reasoning which led the poor squirrel into such difficulty and danger, seems correct enough. The only difficulty with it is, that, like a great many fine-spun theories, it does not agree with the facts in the case.

How happens it then, the nearer we go to the sun, the source of heat, the colder we find the air? It is because the sun's rays of heat pass through transparent bodies, like air, without heating them. The heat of the sun passes directly through the air till it strikes the surface of the earth, which is warmed by it. The air becomes warm only by contact with the warm earth, and by the radiation of heat from the earth.

But why does not the mountain top become warm, and impart its heat to the surrounding air? The answer is that so great is the body of cold air around it, in comparison with its own size, and so constantly is the air changed by the strong winds which blow there that not heat enough can be accumulated in the air to become sensible.

But why does not air, which is heated by contact with the surface of the earth at the level of the sea, rise to the mountain tops and warm them up, just the same as the heated air in our rooms rises to the ceiling and makes our heads warm, while our feet are cold?

It does thus, indeed; but as it rises it also expands, because it is not so closely pressed by the superincumbent air.

So, by the time it reaches the top of Mount Snowdon, what was a single roomful of comfortable hot air has expanded to the size of a whole house; and as it has received no more heat in its ascent, it has become very uncomfortably cold.

The heat which was sufficient to make it feel warm when it occupied a small space, becomes quite insensible when it expands to a hundred, or it may be a thousand, times the size it was before.

It is just like a moistened sponge, from which water drops when it is squeezed in the hand, but which appears perfectly dry when suffered to expand to its full size. *Selected.*

SUNDAY LESSONS. FOR LITTLE LEARNERS.

LESSON IV.

Q.—What did they put on the head of Jesus?

A.—A crown of thorns.

Q.—Who was it that so cruelly treated him and left him on the cross to die.

A.—The wicked Jews.

Q.—In what place did they crucify Him?

A.—Calvary, or place of a skull.

Q.—Who took the body of Jesus down from the cross?

A.—Joseph of Arimathea.

Q.—What did he do with the body?

A.—He laid it in a sepulchre.

Q.—What is a sepulchre?

A.—A tomb or grave.

MANNERS.—Manners are more important than money. A boy who is polite and pleasant in his manners, will always have friends, and will not often make enemies. Good behavior is essential to prosperity. A boy feels well when he does well.

If you wish to make everybody pleasant about you, and gain friends wherever you go, cultivate good manners. Many boys have pleasant manners for company, and ugly manners for home. Pleasant manners cost nothing, and the advantage to be gained by their observance is not to be estimated by dollars and cents. They will afford their possessor prestige in any society, and gain for him position where rudeness and vulgarity would fail entirely. Even those who fall so far short of setting an example for good manners themselves, will secretly admire the observance of the same in others.

Questions and Answers

ON THE

BOOK OF MORMON.

REIGN OF THE JUDGES.

LESSON LXI.

- Q.—What did the people of Ammonihah do to Alma?
 A.—They cast him out of their city.
 Q.—What did Alma then do?
 A.—He started towards the city of Aaron.
 Q.—How did he feel while traveling thither?
 A.—He felt sorrowful on account of the hardness of heart among the people.
 Q.—Who appeared to him on this journey?
 A.—An angel of the Lord.
 Q.—What was Alma commanded to do?
 A.—To return to the city of Ammonihah.
 Q.—For what reason?
 A.—To warn the people that if they did not repent the Lord would destroy them.
 Q.—What did Alma do?
 A.—He did as he was commanded.
 Q.—Did he enter the city the same way as he did the first time he came there?
 A.—No; he entered on the south side.
 Q.—Who did Alma ask for food?
 A.—Amulek.
 Q.—Was his request granted?
 A.—Yes: Amulek took him into his house and set food before him.
 Q.—What did Alma do after he had eaten?
 A.—He blessed Amulek and his house, and gave thanks unto God.
 Q.—Did Alma go forth immediately to preach and prophesy unto the people?
 A.—No; he tarried many days with Amulek.
 Q.—Did the people begin to repent?
 A.—No; they became more wicked.
 Q.—What commandment did Alma receive from the Lord?
 A.—To tell the people that unless they repented the Lord would visit them in anger.
 Q.—Was anyone to accompany Alma?
 A.—Yes; Amulek was also called upon to go forth and warn the people.
 Q.—Did Alma and Amulek do as they had been commanded?
 A.—Yes; they preached the word of God.
 Q.—What power was bestowed upon them?
 A.—The Holy Ghost was with them, and they could not be confined in dungeons, neither could they be slain.
 Q.—Did the words of Alma and Amulek agree?
 A.—Yes; in every particular.
 Q.—What effect did this have on the people?
 A.—Many of them were astonished at the words which were uttered.
 Q.—How did some of the people act?
 A.—They endeavored to find witness against Alma and Amulek that they might have them cast into prison or slain.
 Q.—What did they do to try and attain this?
 A.—They tried to cross-question Amulek.
 Q.—Were they successful in this?
 A.—No; he perceived their intentions.
 Q.—What did Amulek say unto them?
 A.—He warned them of the terrible judgments of God which should come upon them if they did not repent.
 Q.—By whom did he say the foundation of the destruction of the people was being commenced?
 A.—By the unjust and unrighteous lawyers and judges whom he had appointed.

Questions and Answers

ON THE BIBLE.

HISTORY OF MOSES CONTINUED.

LESSON LXI.

- Q.—Did the Lord give other instructions and judgments at that time through Moses unto the children of Israel?
 A.—Yes; concerning almost every duty of life.
 Q.—Whom did the Lord say He would send before the children of Israel?
 A.—An angel.
 Q.—For what purpose?
 A.—To keep them in the way and bring them to the place the Lord had prepared.
 Q.—What promise did the Lord make to the children of Israel if they obeyed the voice of the angel?
 A.—That they should be greatly prospered in their journey, and delivered from all their enemies.
 Q.—After this the Lord called Moses up into the mount. How long did he stay there?
 A.—Forty days and forty nights.
 Q.—What instructions did the Lord give unto Moses during this time?
 A.—How to prepare a tabernacle, and an ark, in every particular.
 Q.—What did the Lord say concerning Aaron and his sons?
 A.—That Moses should set them apart for the priest's office.
 Q.—Did the Lord give further instructions in relation to them?
 A.—Yes; He instructed Moses how they should be clothed with holy garments, and the ceremonies and manner in which they should officiate.
 Q.—What words were to be engraved on a plate of pure gold?
 A.—"Holiness to the Lord."
 Q.—Where was this to be placed?
 A.—On Aaron's forehead.
 Q.—What remarkable is said concerning Moses, while staying with the Lord forty days and forty nights?
 A.—That "he did neither eat bread nor drink water."
 Q.—When Moses came down from Mount Sinai, what was there about him that made Aaron and the children of Israel afraid to come nigh him?
 A.—The skin of his face shone.
 Q.—What did Moses then do?
 A.—He put a vail upon his face.
 Q.—What did Moses do when he went before the Lord?
 A.—He took the vail off until he came out.
 Q.—Who anointed and consecrated Aaron and his sons?
 A.—Moses did, as the Lord had commanded him.
 Q.—What remarkable occurred to the tabernacle?
 A.—The cloud of the Lord was upon it by day, and fire was on it by night.
 Q.—How long did this happen?
 A.—In the sight of all the house of Israel throughout their journeys.
 Q.—What is the name of the book in which these things concerning Moses have been written?
 A.—The book of Exodus.
 Q.—What else is it called?
 A.—The second book of Moses.
 Q.—What is the third book of Moses called?
 A.—Leviticus.
 Q.—What is the subject treated upon in that book?
 A.—Laws and ordinances for the observance of the children of Israel.
 Q.—What is the fourth book of Moses called?
 A.—Numbers.
 Q.—Why is it called Numbers?
 A.—Because it contains an account of the numbering of the children of Israel.

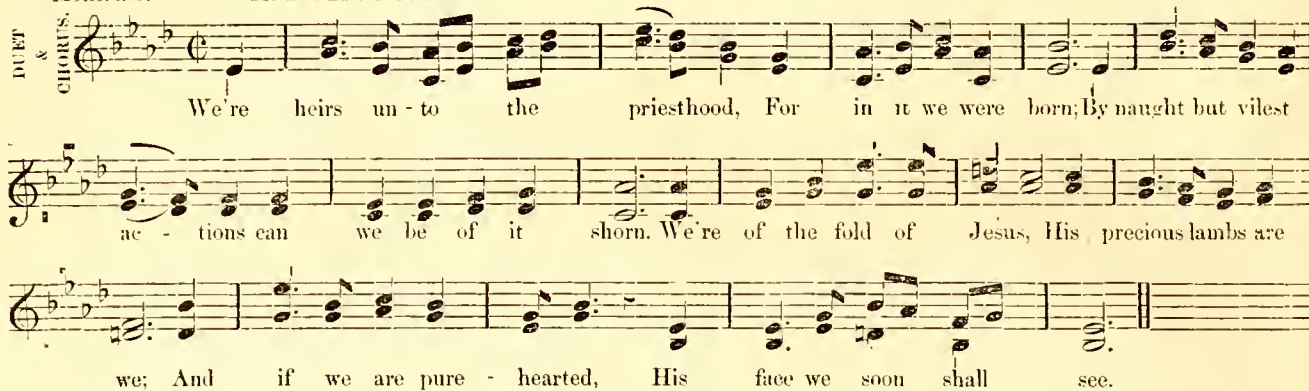
WE'RE HEIRS UNTO THE PRIESTHOOD.

WORDS BY JOHN NICHOLSON.

MUSIC BY PROF. C. J. THOMAS.

Moderato: 1st and 2nd Treble

DUET & CHORUS.



We're heirs un-to the priesthood, For in it we were born; By naught but vilest ac-tions can we be of it shorn. We're of the fold of Jesus, His precious lambs are we; And if we are pure-hearted, His face we soon shall see.

CHORUS.



We're heirs un-to the priesthood. For in it we were born; By naught but vilest ac-tions Can we be of it shorn.

O, what are earthly treasures
T' the priesthood's noble powers?
Yet if we're true and faithful,
Its gifts and keys are ours.

In praises of Jehovah
Our voices we'll employ,
For all the precious blessings
That we from Him enjoy.

CHARADE.

BY HYRUM.

I AM composed of 14 letters:

My 13, 8, 2 10, 14, is used for measuring:

My 8, 11, 3, 1, 3, 12, is the fabulous goddess of the morning:

My 6, 14, 3, 4, is the name of a tyrannical emperor who once governed Rome:

My 7, 12, 5, 9, is a plain between woods.

My whole is a study we should pursue in preference to any other.

THE answer to the Charade published in No 6 is PENNSYLVANIA. We have received correct solutions from A. L. Anderson, M. Hoyt, A. Ryan, H. E. Hoyt, E. E. Gunn, P. Hoyt, S. Gunn and J. L. Gunn, Hoytsville; V. O. Crane, Kanosh; W. Fowler, Hooper City; E. W. McBride, Grantsville; C. Shelly, American Fork; W. Atkinson, Wood's Cross; T. Y. Stanford, Ogden; C. Lindholm, Jr., Tooele; E. Evans, W. H. Winn, Jr. and M. Evans, Lohi; W. E. White, Morgan City; S. Jensen, Brigham City; A. Irons, Moroni; W. M. Davis, Hyde Park; J. J. Millard and R. A. Hall, Farmington; F. F. Hintz, Big Cottonwood; P. Barker, Clarkston; Edwin M. Greene, Smithfield; A. E. Carlyle, Nebraska City, Neb. Also

from M. M. Paul, W. B. Child, G. E. Anderson, M. A. Smith, G. B. Lang, I. Irvine, M. B. Letham, H. J. Sears, S. E. Vincent, S. Christensen, J. A. Woods, O. Thomson, J. M. Fenton, E. S. Elsmore, H. G. Reynolds, H. Flowers, C. K. Palmer, T. Sleight, E. E. Culmer, M. C. Morris, E. Beesley, Jr., G. Callister, M. Coleman, A. H. Cannon, C. Mason, J. E. Jones, M. J. White and B. J. Anderson, Salt Lake City.

ELOQUENCE is reason set to music, and, like reason, should never be perverted to base purposes.

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